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# Intellikat:The Villain Inside



storywars

villain

intellikat

80 8 7

## Chapter 1 by the smiling man

You might think that Intellikat is just an intelligent cat, who likes writing stories. But you do not know, what hides behind his cute smile... a true villain.

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



SaintSayaka sits at her keyboard silently, unsure of her next move. Well, more specifically, right now, she isn't SaintSayaka. She trades in her uniquely crafted username for the boring title of Jessica B., student. Life isn't all fun and games, and to hide behind the keyboard for the entirety of her day on Story Wars, while an inviting proposition, was simply not possible. For once, she needs to be productive. Which is why she's opened her email. An Optimum account, actually. A service used only by the elderly and its employees.

She had expected to see many scholarships garnered at her whim by complicated website algorithms, and she did. Evidently, being a queer female with a GPA of 3.9 really brought the boys to her yard. It was the same fodder. The "GrowtoLearn" scholarship had been particularly insistent at her subscription, at least three emails from them sprinkled throughout her inbox.

Others with unique titles that ranged from standard to totally bizarre (seriously? A bird calling

scholarship?) enticed her. College was a distant dream, but the prospect of an essay about the pursuit of abstinence and the separation of church and state (which, of course, are mutually exclusive, of course) would close the gap between her and the future.

But something was not quite right.

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Amidst the free money and Nigerian princes promising to make her rich in poor english was a notification from Story Wars. She scowled. Could she not escape the website, even in the comfort of her ordinary life? However, all of them were christened with one particular subject line - "Intellikat has challenged you to a Story Duel."

At first, Jessica - I mean, Sayaka - was flattered. He was practically a site celebrity. And /he/, of all people, saw something worthy enough in her to be challenged. She even thought the same thing when the second notification came in - "Intellikat has challenged you to a Story Duel."

But then the third came in. And then the forth. Then the fifth.

The faster she blinked, the more came flooding in. Her scholarships were wiped away by the flood of emails, never to be seen again. A virtual fifteen thousand dollars down the drain. And still, with such intensity they came! Was she dealing with a God? Sayaka made the fatal mistake of trying to click on one, a tiny pearl in quicksand, and only succeeded in crashing her email. But Intellikat did not take no for an answer. The messages spread onto her laptop, covering up her Hayao Miyazaki wallpaper and censoring the erotic webcomic she had pulled up (shit, not even on Incognito, no less!). A scream started to form in her throat, but none came. That, too, was taken by the notifications. They flew out of her mouth like flies, choking her throat and making breath a mere fantasy. Jessica sank to the ground before simply falling over, the notifications now pushing out of her eyes, sending her sockets to the floor.

"Intellikat has challenged you to a Story Duel."

### Chapter 3 by awesomesauce



Intellikat was happy with what he had done. He started searching for his next victim. He knew, that after a week or two, Story Wars will belong to him. He will be a God.

**He sent an email to Brock Thompson.**

Chapter 4 by intellikat



Brock sat on an IKEA (tm) couch, his back pressed against the cheap fabric and particle board laminate that the couch was composed of. An ancient Dell laptop, made of thick and unattractive plastic was open on his lap. It arrived.

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"Intellikat has challenged you to a Story Duel."

And then another.

"Intellikat has challenged you to a Story Duel."

The Dell choked at the third email, its processor and RAM maxed to the limit. Everybody to the limit. Overclocked, the machine overheated and began to melt, the cheap Chinese plastic fusing into Brock Thompson's thighs.

/OH GOD!/ Brock screamed in pain.

Intellikat, hovering on another plane of existence entirely, chortled.

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